

# *another journal*

by

**PETT**



**2/6**

*the creator of Jane*



Photo by DAVID L. SCHWABE



by **PETT**

YESTERDAY PUBLICATION

# THE BOOK THAT PETT BUILT.



This is the Model, set before,  
Who posed for her to the painter born  
To go in the Book that Pett built:

Then the Pencil, sharp as thorn,  
That drew the Model who set before  
Her pose for Pett in a style "as were"  
By painter genius and babies new-born  
(As you'll see in the Book that Pett  
built.)

Who, being as fresh as a summer's morn,  
And little and free as a field of roses,  
Hold Clothes and Party Leagues in scorn,  
(In spite of Grandpas all retired and born  
Who waddly thorates and waddly warn)  
And make such Pictures as now adorn  
The Beautiful Book that Pett built!





### THE GOLDEN GIRL

O Goddess, so golden and glamorous—  
You, who glist' on your sanguine charms!  
I can tell that the sun has been around  
Of you, and relaxed in your arms.  
Your shoulders are brazenly bared,  
Your torso and tummy are gold—  
And thereby the love you have for  
me!

With pleasure unbrid!

Away with all flywhate ladies,  
Tinged as peaches and cream;  
To Poets the only right shade is  
The goddess's amorous glow.  
On pretty bosoms we're frolicing  
And necks like the silvery moon;  
But you—you're a poem (by Browne.)  
A statue in bronze!





First time I saw the Mermaid, sir, was one bright moonlight night last June. She was sitting on a rock in traditional style, combing her long yellow hair and crooning an eerie song which reached me even on the cliffs where I stood 500 ft. above her. A pretty sight—but it gave me a shock because I wasn't expecting mermaids. I was looking for smugglers.

There'd been a lot of smuggling—jewellery, cameras, and so on—along this coast. A mysterious motor launch had been seen—but not in the harbour of the old town—and as a petty officer in the Coast Guards it was my duty to patrol this part of the cliffs and try to spot where, if anywhere, she beached.

I had in fact just sighted a boat out at sea, but the Mermaid sort of took my mind off her, and she disappeared round the headland while I was still staring at the vision on the rock . . . Thanks, I'll stick to bitter, sir . . .

I just couldn't believe my eyes. But there was no doubting my ears, and that weird, lilting song seemed to invite—or *lure*—me down. I could have descended the cliff by a certain track I knew, and got a closer view of her if it had been low water, but the tide

was coming in, and bringing with it a dangerous current which would have swept me round that same headland behind which the boat had vanished—and where I knew there was no safe landing, only ragged rocks and flooded caves.

I was still goggling in uncertainty when the Mermaid dived off her perch, and with a few easy strokes gained a cave and disappeared within it—as if she also knew that the incoming tide would be too strong for her . . .

That was all I saw of the Mermaid—or the boat—that night, and the next morning when I signed off at the station I didn't care to mention either . . . just yet. They would have laughed at the Mermaid—and asked me why I hadn't reported the boat, at once.

I didn't mention 'em to Jean, either. Jeant Summers was a peach of a blonde I'd charmed up with at the little hotel where she was spending her holidays. She was a sensible, level-headed sort of gal, and she'd admitted she admired my sturdy commonsense ("Come-on sense" she called it when I got freak!). We used to go bathing together when I was off duty. She was a good swimmer, and could keep ahead of me when only using her arms, with no leg kick. As I chased her round the bathing-pool that afternoon I couldn't bring myself to tell her I'd seen someone—or something—that would knock spots off her as a swimmer. "Take more water with it, Jack!" I could almost hear her scoffing . . .

That advice would have been more suitable for Dukes, my opposite number, who was on night duty on the cliffs that night. He had been trailing round after Jean, too, but her preference for me had driven the poor devil to drink—and he was often only half sober when he went on duty. I couldn't help wondering what would be his reaction if he spotted the Mermaid!

Well, the next day I knew! I was told at the station that Dukes had reported sick after his night watch on the cliffs, and would I mind taking his place on the rota. It looked as if he had seen what I'd seen!

"Keep a special look-out tonight, Jack," said the Commander. "That craft's been reported again, but no one's seen her in the harbour—and I hear more contraband has been getting through!"



Well, I was more interested in the Mermaid than the motor boat, and I decided to have a look at the *is* of the land—or rather sea—during the day, while the tide was out.

So I went round to the hotel to tell Jean I couldn't come bathing with her that day, and was rather relieved to find a message informing me that she also would be out. I gathered she had gone up to town. I knew she earned an occasional few guineas as a film extra, which probably helped her to meet the rather stiff hotel bills, so I wasn't surprised.

I stuffed some bathing trunks and a towel into my pocket in case of emergencies, and set off for the cliffs all by myself. They're not patrolled during the day, as the Coast Guard Station can command the whole sweep of the bay—although, of course, not that particular spot under the cliffs where I'd seen the Mermaid.

And I saw her again! She was curled up as large as life on her rock, with her long fishy tail swishing the water which lapped its base, almost as if she was posing for a picture. With trembling hands I raised my spy-glass. Her face was hidden by her streaming hair, and her long, bare, burnished back, glistening with sea-water, was towards me, but I had seen enough, and as I started clambering down the slippery track towards her that same thin, mocking song eddied up like an invitation to—what?

It was half-tide, and a strip of sand still shone round the base of the cliff and the cave where she had vanished that other night, so I felt safe from drowning, at least.

But in my haste and excitement I dislodged a stone, which went rattling down the cliff. The mermaid turned—gave me a glimpse of her wild, beautiful face—and with a squeal, dived off the rock and struck out to sea.

And I nearly lost my footing on the track—because I thought I recognised her!



In a few seconds I was on the beach and stripping off my clothes which I chuckle into the cave to keep dry. If I was to catch her I knew I'd have to do it now, before the tide flowed back and that current was sweeping irresistibly round the headland. Forgetting the menace of the Mermaid's song, I pulled on my bathing trunks and dashed into the sea after her.

Then followed a chase that I shall never forget. She had swum out pretty far, but presently turned to describe a wide arc which I guessed would bring her back towards the cove. I tried to cut her off, and though she twisted and plunged in the most confusing way, with her huge tail thrashing the water I began to overtake her as she made a line for the shore. Not altogether to my surprise, her swimming was not up to Jean's standard and her tail seemed more of a hindrance than a help. In fact, I gained so rapidly on her that at last, within a few yards of the cove, I was able to fling out a hand and clutch that scaly appendage of hers. I got my other hand on it and began to back-pedal for all I was worth . . . Then I had my second shock. The Mermaid gave a convulsive plunge, there was a ripping, tearing sound, and her tail came off in my hands—just like a lizard's I'd once grabbed as a boy!

And while I was struggling with the thing, which wrapped itself round me like a sea serpent, I saw Jean's furious, blushing face turned towards me and heard her splutter " Fool ! " as her brown legs, freed from their encumbrance, kicked out and drove her towards the shore.



Yes, it was Jean Summers, of course. I'd stripped her of what little covering she had apert from a few wisps of seaweed which served as an inadequate brassiere, and yet I had no alternative but to embarrass her further by following in her wake. For the tide was flowing, and I already felt the pull of the undertow that would soon turn the seal into a racing death trap.

The strip of sand had disappeared, and Jean—a bewitched Aphrodite rising from the waves—clambered into the cave and was lost in its gloom. When I gained the same haven—for the floor sloped upwards above the reach of the tide—I dejectedly turned my back on her and gazed out to sea.

It was then that I saw that mysterious motor-launch ploughing her way past us towards the headland. A man was standing in the bows with some sort of machine which puzzled me at first. But long before her engine—and the increasing current—had carried her from sight I grasped the significance of the whole crazy set-up.

They were smugglers, all right, and they were using the Mermaid as a decoy—a lure for eyes that should have been watching them—while they dumped their loot in some other cave, no doubt with an outlet some way inland, further along the coast !

And Jean was mixed up in this shady racket . . . I was kicking myself for the way I'd let her fool me, when her angry voice cut in on my reflections . . .

" You fathead ! You've spoilt the picture ! " I turned slowly, and was rather relieved to see that she had covered her nakedness with a sari-top and a brief pair of shorts. She was still pretty easy on the eye, and I had to lower my gaze as I muttered stupidly—" What picture ? "

" The shot they were taking of me as a Mermaid, of course ! " she snapped. " They're film people, and I've been posing for them all this week. Night takes, mostly, but today they wanted a close-up in full sunlight. You've probably wasted several thousand feet of film ! "

I snorted cynically. " Films eh ? Why didn't you tell me you were doing that ? "

"You don't think I wanted you goggling at me, do you?" she demanded indignantly. "With nothing on but a tail, and a bit of bikini-wrap draped round my—!" She swung away from me with an angry shug of her barmished shoulders. "And the studio people didn't want a crowd collecting on the cliff, either. They aware me to secrecy!"

"I'm not surprised, I said, "as they happen to be smugglers."

"Smugglers! What are you talking about? They're a film company, I tell you. Didn't you see the cameras in the boat?"

"No, I didn't," I replied grumpily. "I saw a tommy-gun, and we're trapped in this cave until low water. I hope they don't come back for another shot . . . ."

Yes, we were trapped all right, sir. It was impossible to reach the track which climbed the sheer cliff, for the waves were pounding the beach and even breaking thunderously over the little rock on which Jean had perched as a Mermaid.

We were safe enough in the further recesses of the cave for the rest of the day, and Jean had brought a picnic lunch with her, but it was a gloomy feast we shared while we waited for the tide to reach its height, and recede again. I had dressed, and Jean sat opposite me in her sun-top and shorts, looking more delectable as herself than as a Mermaid. But I wasn't quite certain of her, yet, and even if I had been I doubt if our situation would have seemed favourable to romance!

But I was to learn at last that she had acted in good faith, and had been fooled even more completely than myself by the smugglers . . . .

The moment the receding tide seemed to offer a chance for me to gain the cliff-path, I left the cave and ploughed up to my waist into the sea. There was a good pull from the ebb, but I felt firm sand beneath my feet, and shouted to Jean that I could make it. "Stay where you are!" I cried. "No sense in you getting half-drowned just yet. I'll fetch help."



I was so intent on fighting my way to the cliff that I didn't notice the motor-launch creeping round the headland. My first warning was a shriek from Jean at the mouth of the cave. My second was a rough masculine voice which carried above the thunder of the sea.

"Easy on there, mate, if you don't wanna be plugged full of lead!"

A tough-looking guy was standing in the bows of the approaching boat, covering me with a tommy-gun. The smugglers had come back, probably to investigate the disappearance of their Mermaid, and just in time to suddenly escape from our grasp. There were only three of them, but they looked the sort who'd stick at nothing. Continental types, who might easily have persuaded a girl they were in the film business, but obvious thugs to a revenue officer like me.

"Sorry to spoil your petting party," purred the man with the gun, when he had got us lined up in the cave, "but you can continue it on that rock—until next high-water." He paused significantly. "You been useful to us, Jean, helping to fool Mr. Nosey here, but you know too much. So the locals won't see no more mermaids after tonight, use a certain coast guard, neither. Got that coil of rope, Stephan?"

There's a poem of Swinburne's describing the emotions of a couple of lovers who are lashed, stark naked and back to back, on a rock in mid-ocean, that used to get me in my romantic adolescence. You may know it, sir.

Well, I can speak for the emotions myself now, although in real life they're not quite what they're made out to be in the poem. And yet there was a certain queer sweetness in the situation, too . . . .

We weren't naked, although Jean wasn't exactly over-dressed, and we were both soaked to the skin, but the smugglers had lashed us pretty close together on that rock, so that her soft shoulders were pressed into my back, and left us to die when the full tide washed over us. For who was there to see us drown when it was my look-out on the cliff that night?

And yet, after the first cold shock of despair, a sort of tenderness welled up between us as the moon slowly climbed the stars of heaven. You, the mere memory of it makes me feel sort of poetical. Thanks, I'll have the same again . . . .

I strained at my bonds and twisted my head until my cheek found the cool softness of hers, and her breath stirred my hair.

"Sorry I misjudged you, darlin', " I panted. " But if you...  
to die I'd like you to know I love you, Mermaid or not!"

"I could sing again now," was all she murmured, and our lips  
met.

I've read somewhere of a kiss "distasted with the salt of broken  
tears," but I *mustn't* get poetical again! The ecstasy of that  
moment was shattered by a faint had from the cliff-top. We looked  
up and saw a man waving. And I realised then that the smugglers  
had made a stupid blunder. They'd forgotten I would have to sign  
on at the station before I came on duty, and of course when I failed  
to do so suspicion was aroused, and the Commander sent for Dukes.

He was sober this time, but he hadn't forgotten the Mermaid  
and, saying he'd investigate, he rushed to the cliffs just in time to  
see the tide creeping up round our waists.

It was too late for him to go back to fetch help, but good old  
Dukes acted in a way that—well! I was real sorry the only way I  
could repay him was to ask him to be my best man! He came  
straight down the track to our rescue, and oblivious of the danger  
plunged into the raging sea and made the rock in spite of the current.  
Of course when he had freed us we were all three swept away towards  
the headland like leaves on a torrent. But things were going our  
way for a change. The motor-launch was moored to a rock outside  
another cave, and the smugglers were still in their lair, sorting out  
the biggest collection of contraband goods, from diamonds to drugs  
you ever saw. But this time I was the right end of the tommy-gun  
which they'd left in the boat, and there wasn't even an argument...

The story got around, of course, and the hotel offered us both a  
fortnight's free holiday, while Jean was asked to be a Mermaid at the  
local carnival. But she'd lost the most necessary part of her equip-  
ment, and anyway you can't expect a girl to wear a fishtail on her  
honeymoon. So she went as a Lady Coast Guard instead, and I  
spent the day in bed with a helluva cold, reading "The Toffers of  
the Deep."

No thanks, sir. I never touch spirits. Try that chap over  
there, old Dukes rather hopes he'll see a Mermaid again some day.





So I told him, Listen, I've been a typist for five years and with my figure I don't have to know shorthand.



Gosh, I must be engaged.



She met him quite by chance—dropped her hanky in the park with her phone number on it!



I see why you have come here now, old man—It's these fresh young trout!



I told him I was no touch typist—directly anybody touches me I stop typing!



Of course, If you've got phimosis I won't expect you to night—but don't let me down again to tomorrow night!

## KEEP COOL

Keep cool, sweet maid, and let who will get heated,  
Do daring things, not dream them, when it's hot;  
Let your strip-tease be perfect and completed  
And shed the lot!

And if some pootan should show displeasure  
At your exposure, plunge into the pool,  
And let him seethe and simmer at his leisure  
While you—keep cool!





## THE TWO



## TYPISTS





Paula's pet is just a pup  
Of somewhat doubtful pedigree,  
But when he's finished growing up  
The sort of dog he is we'll see,  
And he may take another view  
Of pretty mistress Paula too!







Is Greta's dog a Brussels griffon  
Or just another Pekinese ?  
The problem is a proper stiff'un,  
And not to be resolved with ease,  
So let's take Greta's dog as read  
And concentrate on *her* instead !





A spaniel is Sesameh's pet,  
A water-dog who loves to splash,  
Yet Sesameh, when it turns out wet,  
Protects him with a mackintosh,  
Exposing in transparent cape  
Her own (more satisfying) shape!

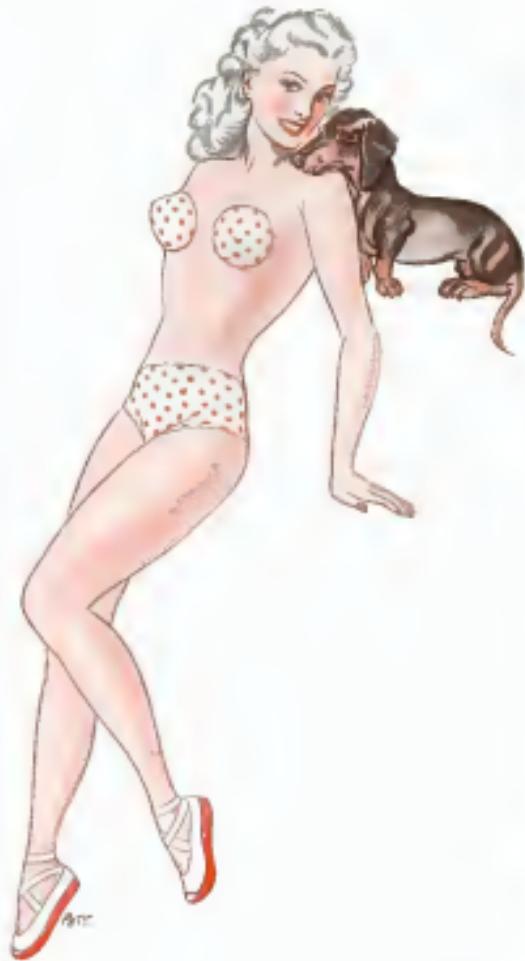
Some ladies love the darling dachs  
Who, though a lap-dog, they declare  
Is quite content to warm the backs  
That bathing belles are apt to bare,  
Or, with a two-piece, can become  
A body-bell for Beauty's tum !

The Sislyham, with soulful eyes,  
Observes his mistress comb her hair,  
Not wondering, with heartfelt sighs,  
What makes her so divinely fair,  
But puzzled, anxious and perplexed  
For fear it may be ~~for~~ ~~her~~ ~~turn~~ nest !





This bathing beauty's little pal  
Has such a confideted air  
Some precious scent of the gal  
He's surely begging her to share,  
Perhaps—who knows?—the curious pup  
Is asking how she keeps it up!





My-mouette attracts the eye  
When posing on the plage—and yet  
Les garçons coque all over the  
When faced by her ferocious pet,  
Although of course they need not blench  
From any bulldog—if it's French!





## HOW'S TRICKS!

Or, the Conjuror's New Assistant

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce my new assistant—Miss Trix. This is her first appearance on the stage, so she craves your indulgence. You see, she's not used to my little tricks... in 'em

Now for the Elusive White Rat. It's here... it's gone... There is positively nothing up my sleeve... but it seems there's something up the lady's skirt!!!

Really, Miss Trix, if you had only wanted I should have produced the rat out of my hat... or turned it into a harmless rabbit.



You have all heard of the famous Disappearing Lady . . . She steps into the magic box, so—a gorgeous vision in full evening dress.

We close the curtains . . .  
One wave of my wand . . .  
and . . . hey presto . . .

Dear, dear! I'm afraid she hasn't quite finished disappearing yet!!!

If we had waited a little longer you would have seen well, there's no knowing what you would have seen, ladies and gentlemen! That's the worst of working with a new assistant . . .



This seems a good moment to produce yards and yards of ribbon . . . flags of all nations . . .

Goldfish!!!

Pigeons!!!

. . . Which I can conjure up or spirit away at will Begone! Ayant! Vanish! All have mysteriously gone—including, it seems, your ankles, Miss Trix!!!



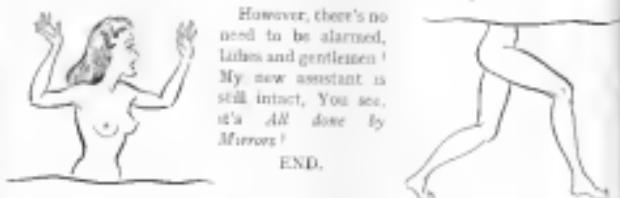
Quick ! Into the box ! There's now nothing left for me to do but Saw the Lady in Half !

See-Saw ! Margery-daw !

Well, I can't help it if you are coming apart. Miss Trix, you should have curled yourself up more carefully.

However, there's no need to be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen ! My new assistant is still intact. You see, it's All done by Mirrors !

END.







Theresa has a rough-haired terrier  
Who's very fond of fun and games  
But she gets mad as he grows bigger  
And calls him less endearing names  
For spaniels' zylons are an error  
When playing with a holy terrier!





This lovely creature's lissom lines.  
The perfect form and silken hair,  
Are unmistakably the signs  
Of grace and breeding past compare  
In any fancier's catalogue.

-----  
Of course, I'm speaking of the dog.





Who wouldn't be this model's pug?  
For though he might be called plain-ugly  
She clasps him in the closest hug  
Because no doubt he fits in snugly  
A lucky dog, to say the least,  
To pose for Beauty and the Beast!



The Second's an impudent pup

When Sarah tries to teach him  
And will insist on jumping up,

To get that trinket—or to bust '

The silly ass ! I'd like to see  
A little sugar tempting me !



# *Dip into the Past!*

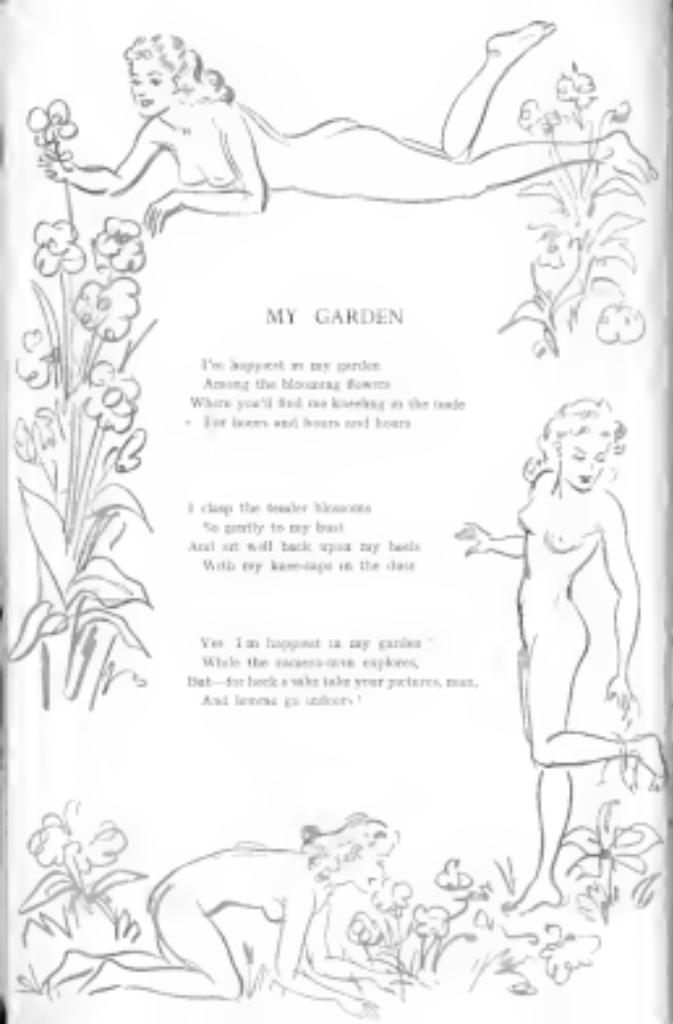


When Grandmama went bathing  
In eighteen-sixty-three,  
Encased in scarlet strand  
She crept into the Channel,  
And bared bust and bustle  
Beneath the sheltering sea,  
For she'd have blushed a rosy red  
To hear what Mr. Gladstone said!

But when the modern maiden  
As slender as she's sleek,  
Trips blithely to the ocean,  
Apart from sun-tan lotion  
She's weaning next to nothing  
—Next to nothing, so to speak!  
And thinks it fun to make some  
bray  
Beach Inspector feel quite Dazy?







## MY GARDEN

I'm happiest in my garden  
Among the blossoming flowers  
Where you'd find me kneeling in the shade  
For hours and hours and hours

I clasp the tender blossoms  
So gently to my breast  
And sit well back upon my haunches  
With my knee-naps in the dust

Yet I'm happiest in my garden—  
While the camera-man explores,  
Bab—for heck's sake take your pictures, man,  
And let me go indoors!





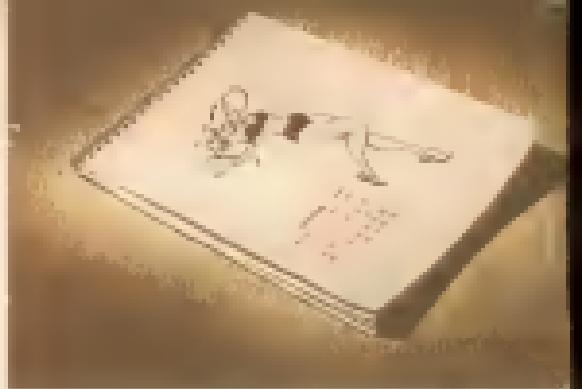


I'LL BE SEEING YOU !

## Pett's Calendar



PRICE 3.9 inc P.T.



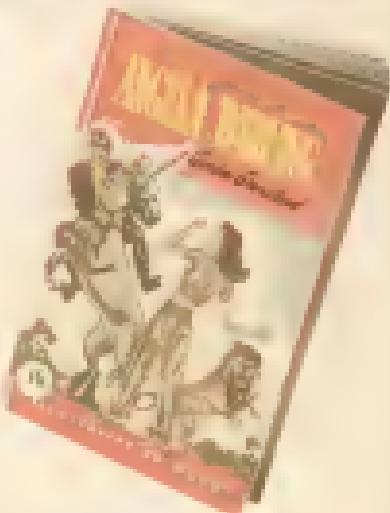
## Greetings Cards



PRICE 1.6 inc P.T.

## Angela Darling

PRICE 1.6



**Rylee**  
GREETINGS

27 AUGUSTUS RD., EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM 15